

GIANT-SIZE
DEFENDERS

MARVEL COMICS GROUP

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5 JULY
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68 BIG PAGES

GIANT-SIZE DEFENDERS

SIDE BY
SIDE
WITH
THE **GUARDIANS
OF THE
GALAXY!**



BRAND-NEW
DOUBLE-SIZE
DYNAMITE
FROM THE
HOUSE OF
IDEAS!

STON LEE PRESENTS: **THE DYNAMIC DEFENDERS!**

YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT... STEVE GERBER, GERRY CONWAY, ROGER SLIFER, LEN WEIN, CHRIS CLAREMONT AND SCOTT EDLMAN PLOTTED THIS TALE. STEVE SCRIPTED IT. DON HECK DREW IT. MIKE ESPOSITO INKED IT. DAVE HUNT INKED THE BACKGROUNDS AND LETTERED IT. G. ROLISSOS COLORED IT. LEN EDITED IT. COFFEE AND MORAL SUPPORT WERE PROVIDED (FOR A PRICE) BY THE LANTERN COFFEE SHOP ON 53RD ST. AND CARLA MADE THE MEATLOAF ONCE YOU'VE READ IT. THE STORY, NOT THE MEATLOAF--YOU MAY WONDER WHY ANSWER: WHY NOT?

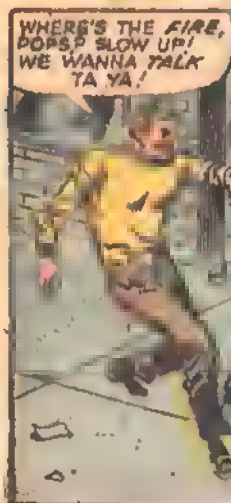
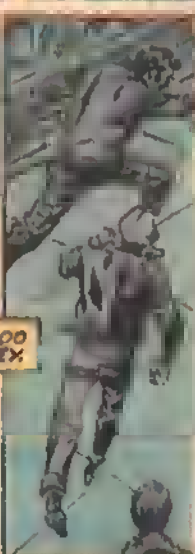
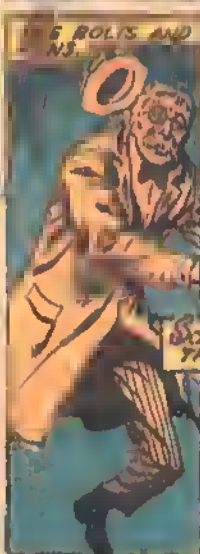
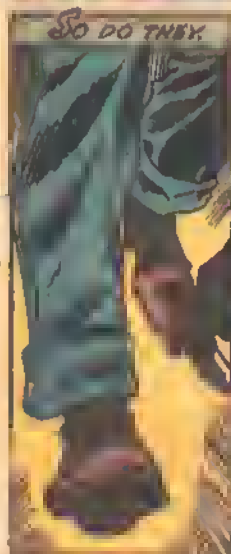
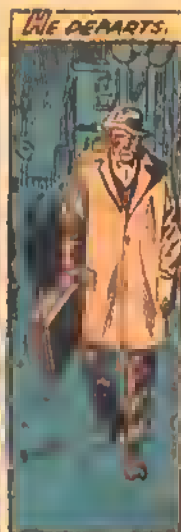
EELAR MOVES MYSTERIOUS WAYS!

THE SETTING: A SEAMY, LITTER-STREWN STREET ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER EAST SIDE. THE SITUATION: THREE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD'S LESS AFFABLE DENIZEN'S WATCH AS ELDERLY MILTON CHILDS CLOSES HIS PAWN SHOP FOR THE NIGHT.

THEY SMILE, THIS TRIO OF TOUGHS. ONE OF THEM MUTTERS A CURSE-WORD, AND THE OTHERS SNICKER AS IF HE'D DISPLAYED GENUINE WIT.

THEIR DESPERATE HUMOR IS, PERHAPS, PITIABLE, BUT LITTLE ELSE ABOUT THEM EVOKES ANY REACTION SAVE EXTREME DIS- TASTE. THEY ARE, IN EVERY SENSE OF THE WORD, UGLY... IN THEIR FACES, THEIR MINDS, THEIR HEARTS.

AND THEY'RE ABOUT TO PROVE IT.



ENOUGH
TA GIVE
US SOME
MONEY,
MAYBE?

SURE, YA DO.
STEP INTO THE
ALLEY AN'
WE'LL DISCUSS
IT.

HIGH OVERHEAD, UNAWARE
OF CHILDS' PLIGHT, A DECID-
EDLY DIFFERENT TRIO
PURSUES A SOMEWHAT MORE
ELUSIVE AND ESOTERIC
OBJECTIVE.

...TEMPORAL
DISPLACEMENT
VIBRATIONS,
HULK. A
DISTURBANCE
IN THE FLOW
OF TIME.

AND WE MUST
LOCATE THE
SOURCE
OF THE
DISRUPTION.

TRUTH TO TELL,
STEPHEN, I'M
NOT CERTAIN
I UNDERSTAND
EITHER.

HUH!
WHY?
SOUNDS
DUMB
TO HULK!

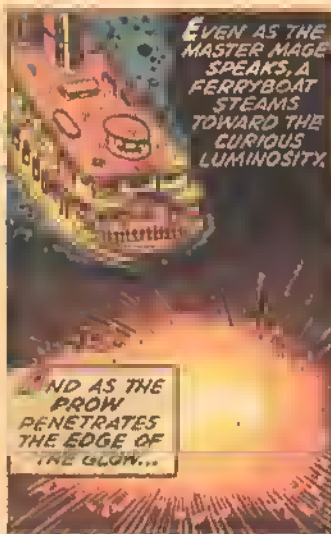
DR. STRANGE, MYSTIC MASTER-- VALKYRIE, WOMAN WARRIOR--THE HULK, BIG GREEN STRONG PERSON... THREE MEMBERS OF THE DYNAMIC NON-TEAM KNOWN AS THE DEFENDERS.

EARTH'S VERY EXISTENCE
MAY HANG IN THE
BALANCE, VAL.

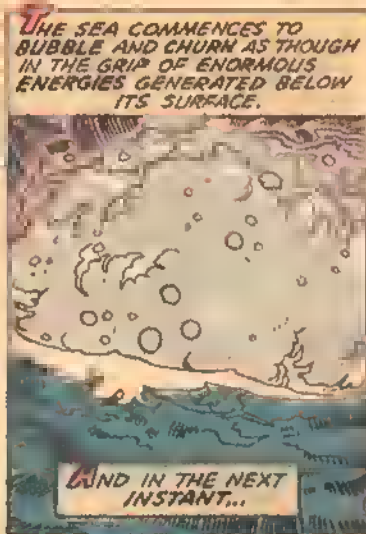
SHOULD IT GROW IN
INTENSITY, SUCH
TURBULENCE IN
THE TIME-STREAM
COULD HURL THE
WORLD INTO DARK,
COLD LIMBO...

...ENDING ALL
LIFE ON THE
FACE OF THE
PLANET.

AND THERE-- IN
THAT GLOWING
AREA IN THE
HARBOR, WE
SHALL, I SUSPECT,
FIND THE CAUSE
OF THE
PHENOMENON.



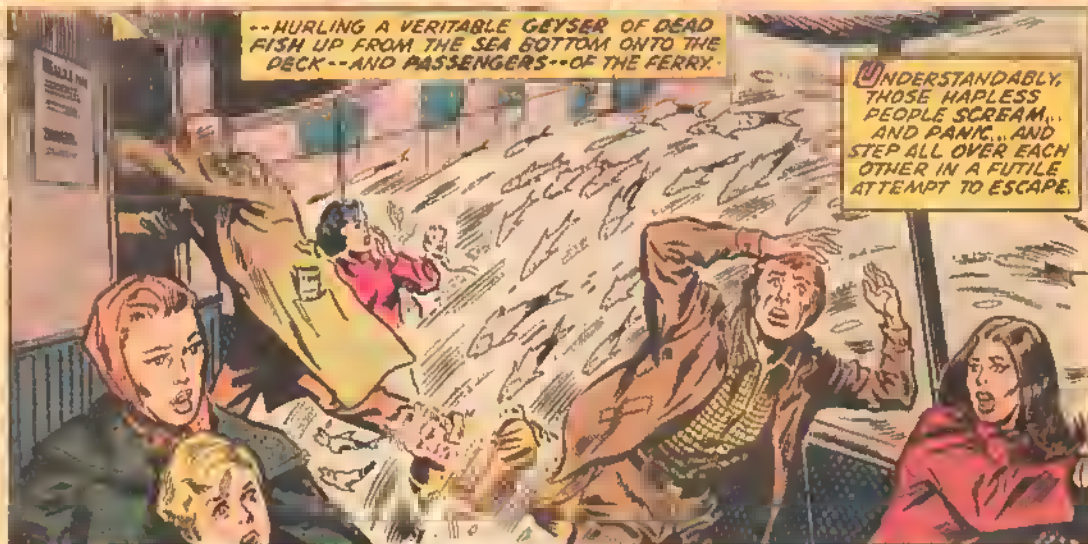
EVEN AS THE MASTER MAGE SPEAKS, A FERRYBOAT STEAMS TOWARD THE CURIOUS LUMINOSITY.



THE SEA COMMENCES TO BUBBLE AND CHURN AS THOUGH IN THE GRIP OF ENORMOUS ENERGIES GENERATED BELOW ITS SURFACE.

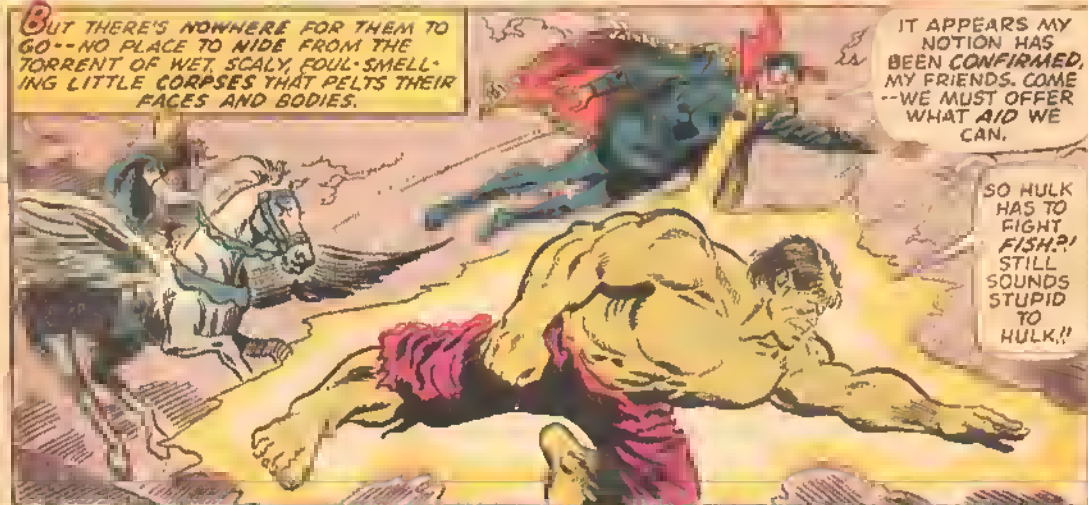


...THE WATERS ERUPT--



--HURLING A VERITABLE GEYSER OF DEAD FISH UP FROM THE SEA BOTTOM ONTO THE DECK--AND PASSENGERS--OF THE FERRY.

UNDERSTANDABLY, THOSE HAPLESS PEOPLE SCREAM... AND PANIC... AND STEP ALL OVER EACH OTHER IN A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.



BUT THERE'S NOWHERE FOR THEM TO GO--NO PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE TORRENT OF WET, SCALY, FOUL-SMELLING LITTLE CORPSES THAT PELTS THEIR FACES AND BODIES.

IT APPEARS MY NOTION HAS BEEN CONFIRMED, MY FRIENDS. COME--WE MUST OFFER WHAT AID WE CAN.

SO HULK HAS TO FIGHT FISH? STILL SOUNDS STUPID TO HULK!!

EVERTHELESS,
THE JADE GIANT
ACCEDES TO DR.
STRANGE'S WISHES.
AND WHEN THE
SORCERER DROPS
HIM ABOARD THE
STRICKEN

GET BACK
INTO THE
DUMB FISH!!



STEPHEN--
THESE
CREATURES
ARE NOT
EVEN ALIVE!
SOMEONE
--OR SOME
THING--IS
USING
THEIR
BODIES
AS
WEAPONS!



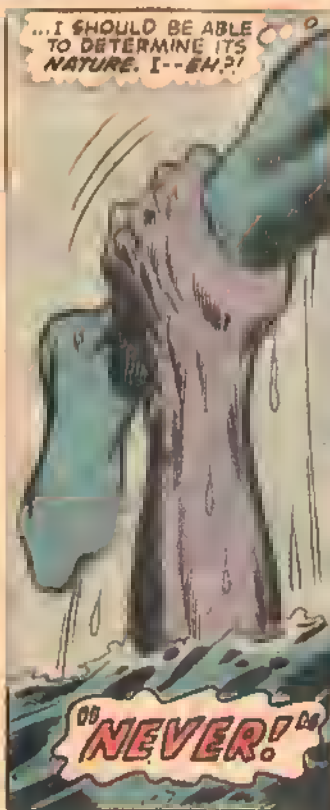
INDEED, AND IT
SEEMS *UNLIKELY*
THE TEMPORAL
DISPLACEMENT
ITSELF COULD BE
RESPONSIBLE.



SOME OTHER
FORCE IS
OPERATIVE
HERE.

AND BY DIRECTING
A MAGICAL PROBE
BENEATH THE WAVES...

...I SHOULD BE ABLE
TO DETERMINE ITS
NATURE. I--EM?!




NO **NEVER!** NO

BEFORE THE MYSTIC MASTER
CAN REALIZE WHAT'S BEFALLEN
HIM, THE GREY-BLACK HAND
YANKS HIM OUT OF THE SKY--



--DOWN INTO THE
WILDLY-THRASHING
WATERS!



THE OCEAN IS
THICK AND DARK
WITH POLLUTION
AND COLD WITH
THE CHILL OF
THE NIGHT...

BUT THE FORM OF STEPHEN
STRANGE IS AN INFERNO OF
PAIN--HIS MIND, A BRIGHT
WHIRL OF CONFUSION,
AN ELECTRICAL CHARGE
CRACKLES ALONG EVERY
NERVE FIBER, ROBBING HIM
OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

BUT NOT
BEFORE
HE SEES THE
FACE OF HIS
FOE.

NOT BEFORE
HE HEARS ITS
TELEPATHIC
"VOICE".

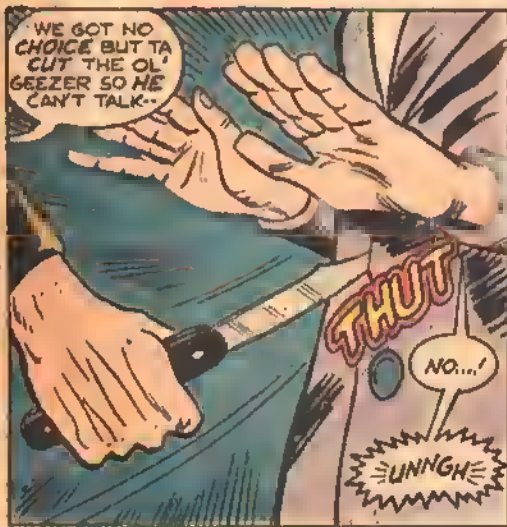
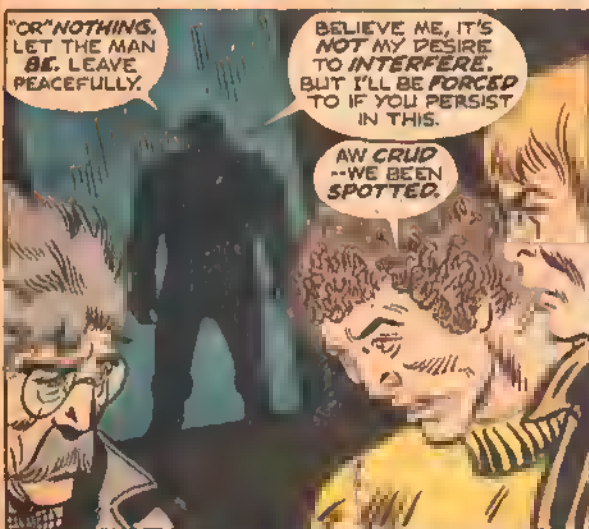
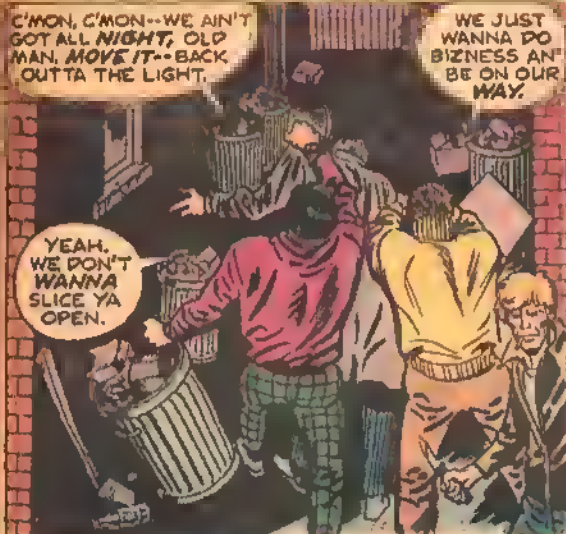
"EMPIRE IS THE SOLE
DESTINY OF OUR RACE!
WE SHALL MAKE ANY
SACRIFICE, PAY ANY
PRICE THAT THAT DESTINY
BE FULFILLED!"

"WE SHALL SOAR
FEARLESSLY
AMONG THE STARS,
CRUSHING ALL WHO
OPPOSE US!"

ABOVE, THE RAIN OF FISH
HAS AT LAST SUBSIDED,
AND VALKYRIE TURNS HER
ATTENTION TO...

STEPHEN,
WHAT DO
YOU SUPPOSE
COULD HAVE--
STEPHEN--?

STEPHEN--
WHERE
ARE
YOU?!



THE MASSIVE, RUDELY-MUSCLED
FIGURE MAKES NO REPLY...
MAKES NO MOVE TOWARD
THE TWO YOUNG THUGS.

HE MERELY BRACES
HIMSELF... AND WAITS
FOR THEIR BODIES
TO COLLIDE WITH HIS.
FOR HE KNOWS THAT
WHEN THEY DO...

AS SURELY AS IF THEY HAD RUN HEAD-
LONG INTO A BRICK WALL.

HEY WILL
REBOUND
PAINFULLY
TO THE GRAY
ASPHALT...

HE STEPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS, THEN--
ONLY BECAUSE HE MUST--ONLY BE-
CAUSE THE LAST OF THE MUGGERS WILL
NOT ENTER THE DARKNESS TO MEET
HIM!

A LUMP
RISES IN
THE LITTLE
MAN'S
THROAT.

H-HEY...
C'MON...
I GOT
NO
BEEF
WITH
YOU,
I--

HOW,
HE HADN'T
EXPECTED
A Foe WHOSE
MASS IS
11 TIMES
THAT OF AN
EARTHMAN'S.

YOU'VE COM-
MITTED AN
ASSAULT
ON A FELLOW
HUMAN.

VANCE
MENTIONED
THAT THIS
TREASON
WAS NOT
UNCOMMON
IN THIS ERA...

BUT I
NEVER
REALLY
BELIEVED
HIM...
UNTIL
NOW.

HUN? TREASON?
I DIDN'T BURN NO
FLAG. I JUST CUT
A GUY--
THAT'S
ALL--

--LIKE I'M
GONNA DO
TA Y--
SULP--

A SINGLE BACKHANDED SLAP--DELIVERED BY MUSCLES BRED TO FUNCTION IN THIRICE EARTH'S GRAVITY--SENDS LEO REELING. BUT IT PAINS THE BIG MAN, TOO.

...AT THE DEPTHS OF HIS CONSCIENCE, THE VERY NOTION OF STRIKING TERRAN FLESH IS REPUGNANT TO HIM.

HUMAN LIFE IS SO PRECIOUS WHERE HE COMES FROM...

THAP!



...WHAT WITH THE HUMAN POPULATION DOWN TO A DWINDLING FIFTY MILLION OR SO, AS OPPOSED TO OUR BURGEONING CLAUSTROPHOBIC THREE BILLION-PLUS.

STILL BREATHING.



THERE'S A CHANCE HE COULD BE SAVED, EVEN WITH THIS CENTURY'S PRIMITIVE MEDICINE.



AND EVEN THOUGH IT WILL MEAN REVEALING MY PRESENCE WERE ...I MUST GIVE THIS MAN THAT CHANCE. I COULDN'T LIVE WITH MYSELF IF I DID OTHERWISE.



COULD BE VANCE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.



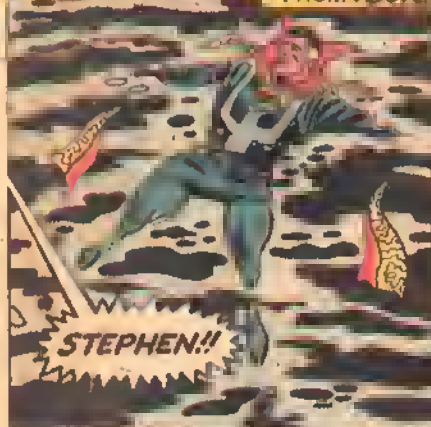
MAYBE HE IS THE ONLY ONE OF US PSYCHOLOGICALLY PREPARED TO DEAL WITH EARTH IN ITS PRE-CIVILIZED PHASE.

MAYBE HE SHOULD'VE BEEN THE ONE TO TRANSPORT DOWN.

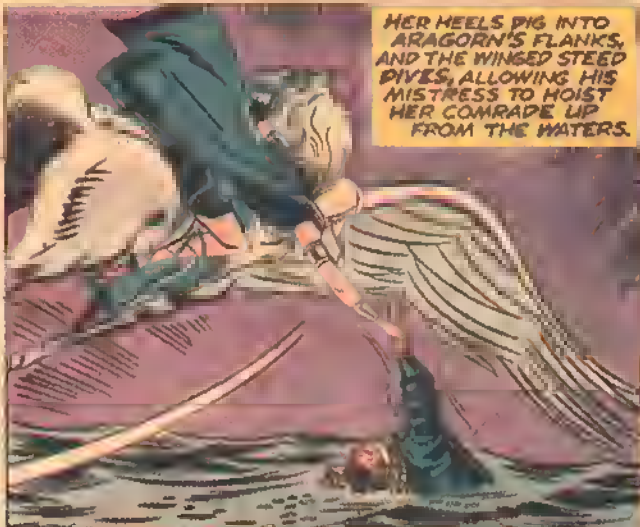


ON THE OTHER HAND, MAYBE I NEEDED TO LEARN THERE'S A LITTLE 'BADOON'... EVEN IN OUR ANCESTORS.

THE CLOAK OF LEVITATION LIFTS THE INSENSATE FORM OF DR. STRANGE TO THE SICKLY-GREEN SURFACE OF THE HARBOR, WHERE VAL SPOTS HIM FROM ABOVE.



HER HEELS PIG INTO ARAGORN'S FLANKS, AND THE WINGED STEED DIVES, ALLOWING HIS MISTRESS TO HOIST HER COMRADE UP FROM THE WATERS.



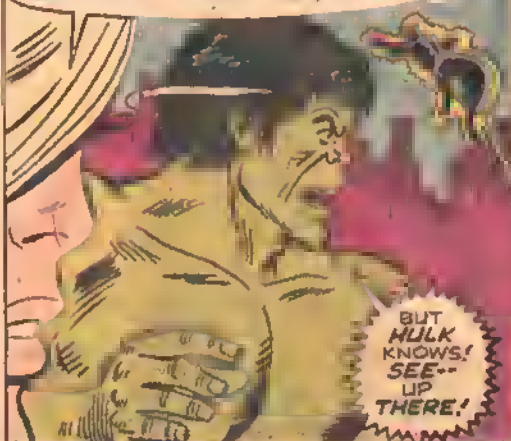
WHAT IS WRONG? MAGICIAN LOOKS SICK! WHAT HURT HIM?

I DO NOT KNOW, HULK. HE SEEMS TO BE IN A STATE OF SHOCK, HE IS RECOVERING-- BUT SLOWLY.



AND HE KEEPS MURMURING SOMETHING--A NAME, I BELIEVE.

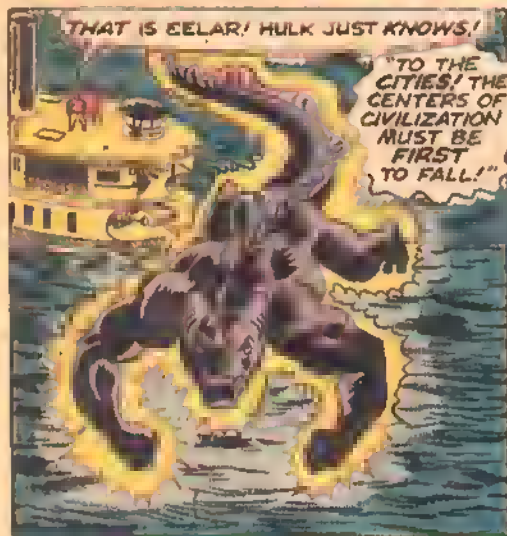
"EELAR." IT MAY BE ONE OF HIS ARCAINE DEITIES-- OR THE BEING WHO DID THIS TO HIM. I DO NOT KNOW THAT, EITH--



BUT HULK KNOWS! SEE-- UP THERE!

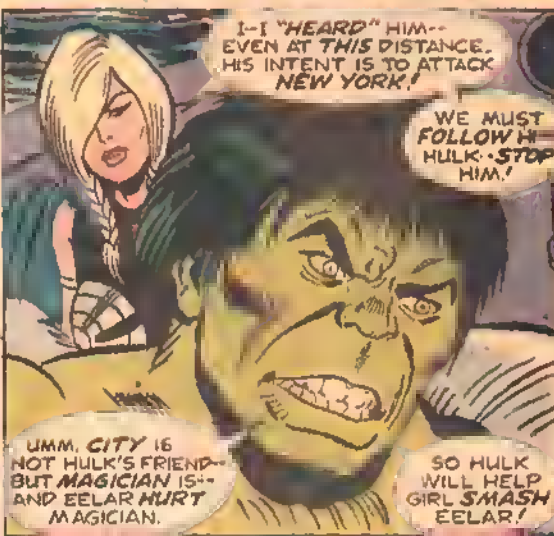
THAT IS EELAR! HULK JUST KNOWS!

"TO THE CITIES! THE CENTERS OF CIVILIZATION MUST BE FIRST TO FALL!"



I-I "HEARD" HIM-- EVEN AT THIS DISTANCE. HIS INTENT IS TO ATTACK NEW YORK!

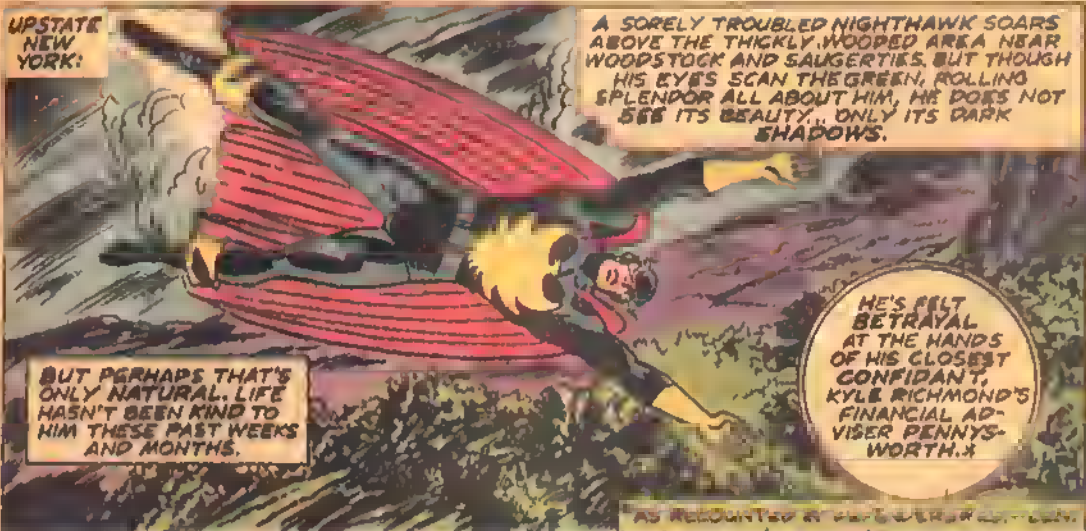
WE MUST FOLLOW HULK-- STOP HIM!



UMM. CITY IS NOT HULK'S FRIEND-- BUT MAGICIAN IS-- AND EELAR HURT MAGICIAN.

SO HULK WILL HELP GIRL SMASH EELAR!

UPSTATE
NEW YORK:



A SORELY TROUBLED NIGHTHAWK SOARS ABOVE THE THICKLY WOODED AREA NEAR WOODSTOCK AND SAUGERTIES, BUT THOUGH HIS EYES SCAN THE GREEN, ROLLING SPLENDOR ALL ABOUT HIM, HE DOES NOT SEE ITS BEAUTY... ONLY ITS DARK SHADOWS.

BUT PERHAPS THAT'S ONLY NATURAL. LIFE HASN'T BEEN KIND TO HIM THESE PAST WEEKS AND MONTHS.

HE'S FELT BETRAYAL AT THE HANDS OF HIS CLOSEST CONFIDANT, KYLE RICHMOND'S FINANCIAL ADVISER PENNY'S WORTH.X

AS RECOUNTED IN THE OVERSEAS EDITION.

AND HE'S SEEN A WOMAN HE... LIKED VERY MUCH, MAIMER... HER SPIRIT BROKEN... HER SEEMINGLY UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR LIVING AND LOVING RUTHLESSLY, VIOLENTLY SLAKED.



A BOMB PLANTED UNDER THE HOOD OF KYLE RICHMOND'S CAR--THAT'S ALL IT TOOK TO ROB TRISH STARR OF HER LEFT ARM...



...TO HURL KYLE'S FELLOW DEFENDERS INTO A NEEDLESS BATTLE WITH THE SQUADRON SINISTER...

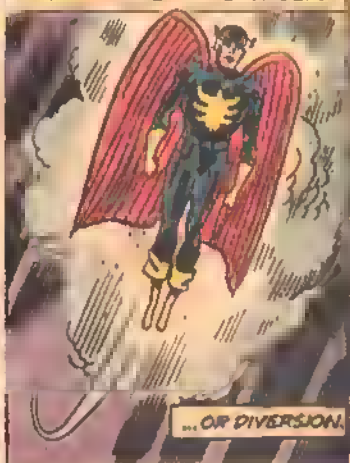


...TO CAUSE THE DOWNCAST MS. STARR TO WALK OUT OF HIS LIFE. THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD SAY THAT WOULD INDUCE HER TO STAY.



*GIANT DEFENDERS #4...L.W.

ADD LONLINESS TO BETRAYAL... AND THE SUM IS A MAN DESPERATE FOR SOLACE...



...OF DIVERSION.

AND HE IS ABOUT TO FIND THE LATTER...
IN SPADES!

CHOOM

WHAT--?
AN EXPLO-
SION ABOVE
ME?!

GOOD LORD--
SOME KIND OF AIR-
CRAFT--GOING DOWN IN
FLAMES! BUT IT DOESN'T
LOOK LIKE ANY JET
PLANE I'VE EVER
LAID EYES ON.

IT'S
GOING
TO
CRASH--
MILES
FROM
HERE--

"--IN THE WOODS!"

WHAT IS IT WITH ME? EVERY-
WHERE I GO... ALL I SEE ARE
PAIN AND DEATH! I SWEAR... I
DON'T EVEN WANT TO INVEST-
IGATE THAT CRASH, BUT I
DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE.

THERE COULD BE
SURVIVORS.

KROOOM

LOOK UP THERE!
DID YOU SEE IT?
A FLYING SAUCER--
BLAZING ACROSS
THE SKY-- AND
NOW--

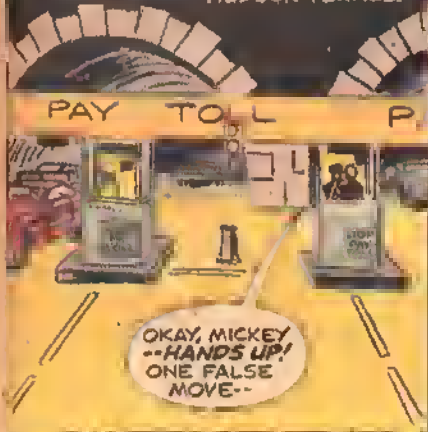
--A GIANT BIRD-- CHASING
THE THING! MY GOD, WE'RE
BEING INVADED!!

...OR, IN ONE CASE, CONFIRMED.

PANIC SPREADS QUICKLY
IN THE STREETS... PEOPLE
RACING TO THEIR HOMES...
TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...
SHOUTING... TREMBLING...
ALL THEIR NOTIONS ABOUT
THE WORLD SUDDENLY
SUNDERED...

VERFOORTEN'S
MEAT MARKET

MANHATTAN: WORD OF THE STRANGE
DOINGS IN THE HARBOR HAS YET TO
REACH THE INTREPID TOLLBOOTH
OPERATORS AT THE MOUTH OF THE
HUDSON TUNNEL.



--AN' I'LL BLOW YA ALL
THE WAY TA TIMES SQUARE!
I MEAN IT, MISTER! DON'T
MESS WITH OL' DEAD EYE!



C'MON,
MICKEY--
ADMIT IT!
I'M PRETTY
IMPRESSIVE
WITH THIS
ROD, HUH?



YES, I AM IMPRESSED.



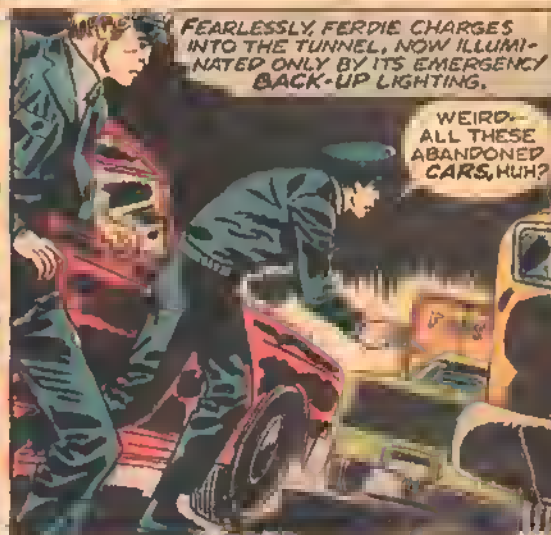
SEE--THAT PROVES IT! I
OUGHTTA BE OUT ON THE
STREETS-- AS A REAL
COP. SEE, I'M YER BASIC
MAN OF ACTION.

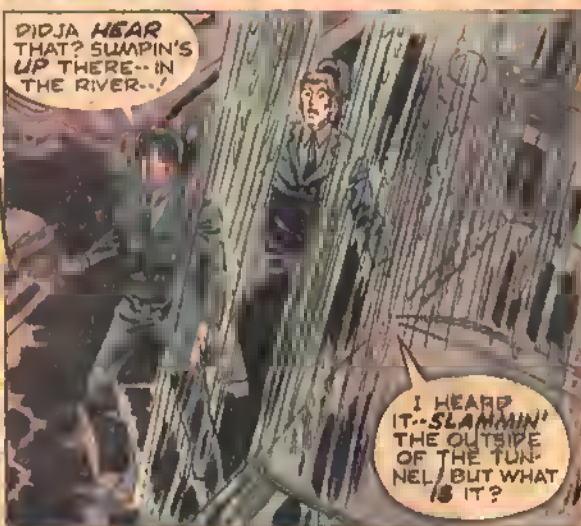
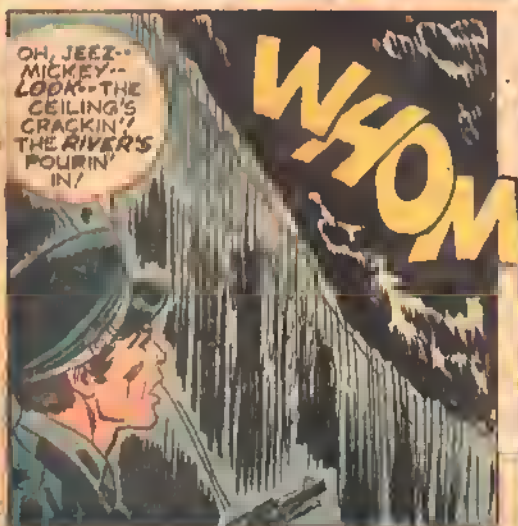
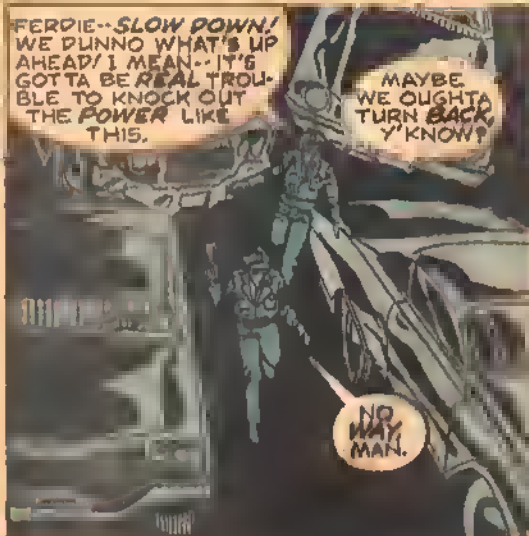


BAG, RIGHT.
PUT IT
AWAY--

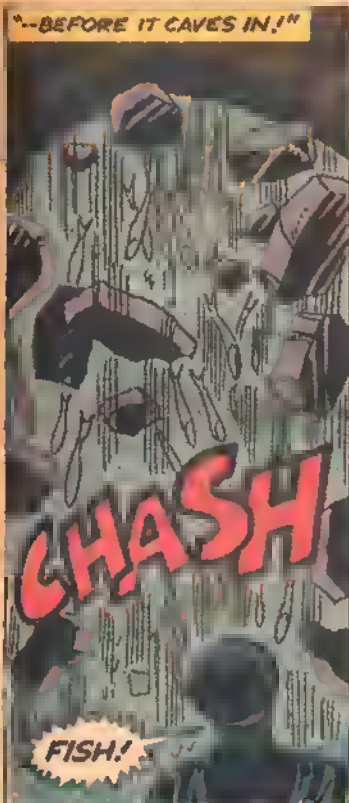


BUT BEFORE FERDIE CAN HOLSTER
THE WEAPON, THE SOUND OF CRUNCH-
ING METAL... BREAKING GLASS... AND,
FINALLY, SCREAMING BURST FROM
THE TUNNEL... FOLLOWED BY A
HORDE OF TERRIFIED COMMUTERS.





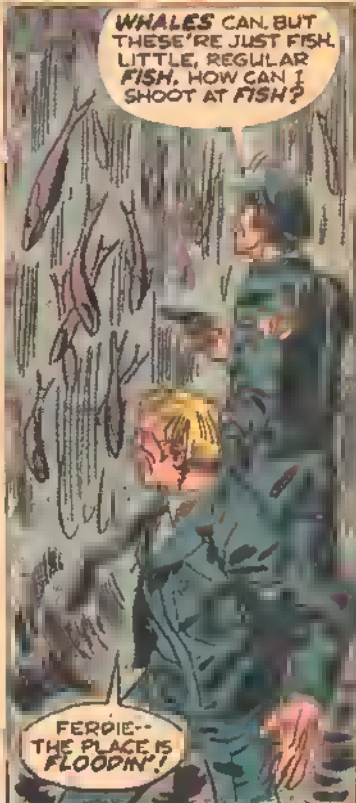
"--BEFORE IT CAVES IN!"



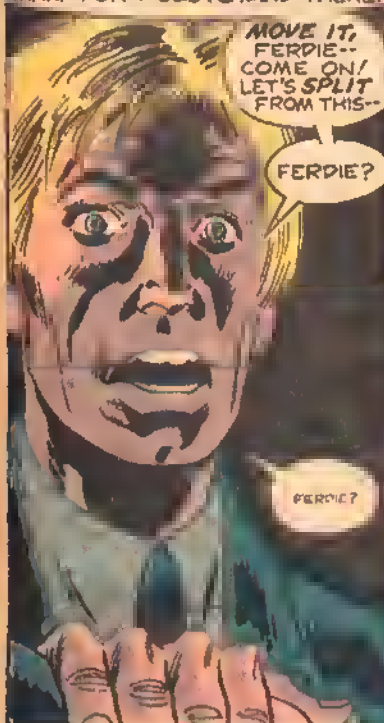
FERDIE--WHAT'RE YA STARIN' AT? COME ON!



WHALES CAN, BUT THESE'RE JUST FISH. LITTLE, REGULAR FISH. HOW CAN I SHOOT AT FISH?



FERDIE--THERE'S NOTHIN' WE CAN DO! WE'LL DROWN IF WE DON'T GET OUR TAILS BACK OUTSIDE, MAN! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!



BUT FERDINAND FLYNN, "MAN OF ACTION", IS MESMERIZED, ENTRANCED, PARALYZED BY SHOCK AND DISBELIEF.



MICKEY HAS NO RECOURSE BUT TO FLEE--AND PRAY THAT HELP WILL ARRIVE IN TIME.



FOR THE DEFENDERS, IN PURSUIT OF EELAR, HAVE SPOTTED THE STAMPEDE OF MOTORISTS FROM THE TUNNEL.

THERE WOULD SEEM TO BE NOWHERE ELSE TO LAY THE BLAME, VAL. THOUGH I CONFESS...

STEPHEN--DO YOU BELIEVE EELAR--?

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT RELATION THE CREATURE COULD HAVE TO THE TEMPORAL DISTURBANCE.

MORE STUPID FISH! FISH EVERYWHERE!

NOR CAN I FATHOM WHY EELAR WOULD ATTACK THE FERRY--OR THE TUNNEL--IN THIS MANNER.

HE APPEARS TO BE IMMOBILIZED BY SHEER TERROR AND AMAZEMENT.

HUH--?

SCARED STIFF, HULK. BUT WE SHALL DEAL WITH HIS PROBLEM LATER.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH MAN? WHY DOESN'T HE RUN?

FOR NOW, YOU AND VAL MUST KEEP THIS STRUCTURE FROM COLLAPSING.

TOGETHER, YOU TWO--LIFT THAT AUTOMOBILE AND FOLD IT OVER UPON ITSELF.

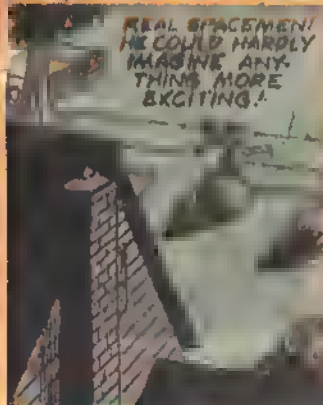
HULK KNOWS WHAT TO DO NOW--PLUG UP HOLE!

AND THAT DONE, LET US ATTEND TO THE AWE STRUCK GUARD.

EXCELLENT! NOW--

KRUNCH

SAUBERTIES: THE BOY WON-
DERS WHY EVERYONE
AROUND HIM WAS TERRI-
FIED, RATHER THAN JOYOUS.



REAL SPACEMEN!
HE COULD HARDLY
IMAGINE ANY
THING MORE
EXCITING!



MOM! DAD!
WAIT! YOU
HEAR--?

I JUST SAW A
UFO--A FLYING
SAUCER--A
REAL ONE--IT
CRASHED--



I DIDN'T HEAR
A CRASH, DID
YOU, TOM?

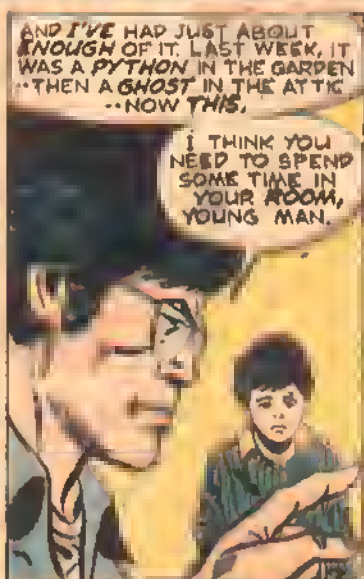
DON'T ENCOUR-
AGE HIM, MARY.

IS IT YOUR
TURN TO DO
THE SPANKING
--OR MINE?



TOM, YOU CAN'T SPANK
A CHILD FOR HAVING
AN OVERACTIVE
IMAGINATION.

"IMAGINATION"
MY EYE! HE'S
LYING, MARY
--AND IT'S
BECOMING A
HABIT WITH
HIM.

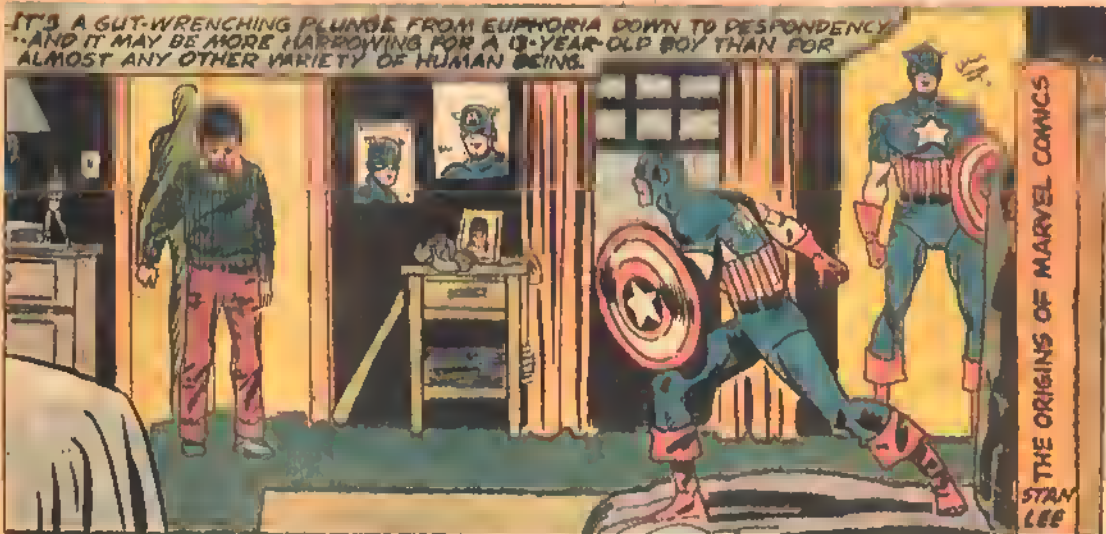


AND I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT
ENOUGH OF IT. LAST WEEK, IT
WAS A PYTHON IN THE GARDEN
--THEN A GHOST IN THE ATTIC
--NOW THIS.

I THINK YOU
NEED TO SPEND
SOME TIME IN
YOUR ROOM,
YOUNG MAN.



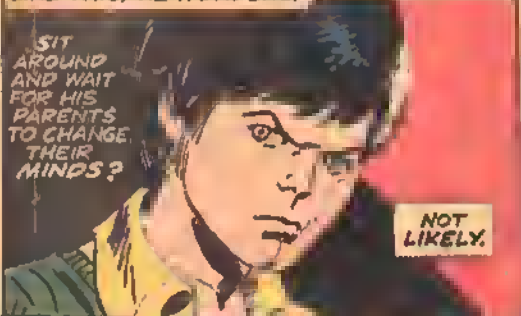
AND DON'T COME
DOWN TILL YOU'RE
READY TO TELL
THE TRUTH.



IT'S A GUT-WRENCHING PLUNGE FROM EUPHORIA DOWN TO DESPONDENCY
--AND IT MAY BE MORE HARROWING FOR A 13-YEAR-OLD BOY THAN FOR
ALMOST ANY OTHER VARIETY OF HUMAN BEING.

THE ORIGINS OF MARVEL COMICS
STAN LEE

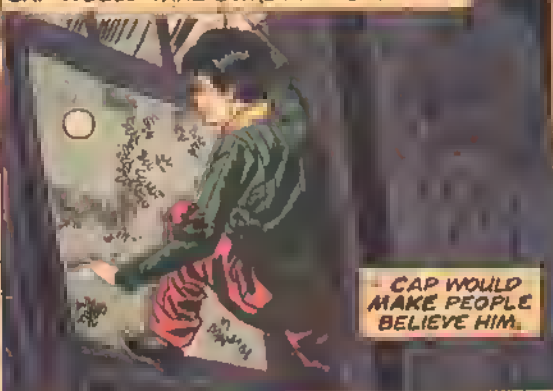
HOWEVER, A 13-YEAR-OLD IS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST RESILIENT CREATURES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH. WHAT WOULD HIS HERO, CAPTAIN AMERICA, DO IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS, HE WONDERS.



SIT
AROUND
AND WAIT
FOR HIS
PARENTS
TO CHANGE
THEIR
MINDS?

NOT
LIKELY.

CAP WOULD TAKE SOME KIND OF ACTION.



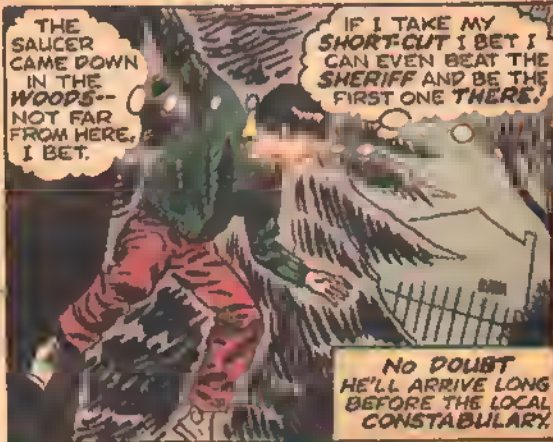
CAP WOULD
MAKE PEOPLE
BELIEVE HIM.

HE'D GET PROOF



...NO MATTER
WHAT
THE RISK.

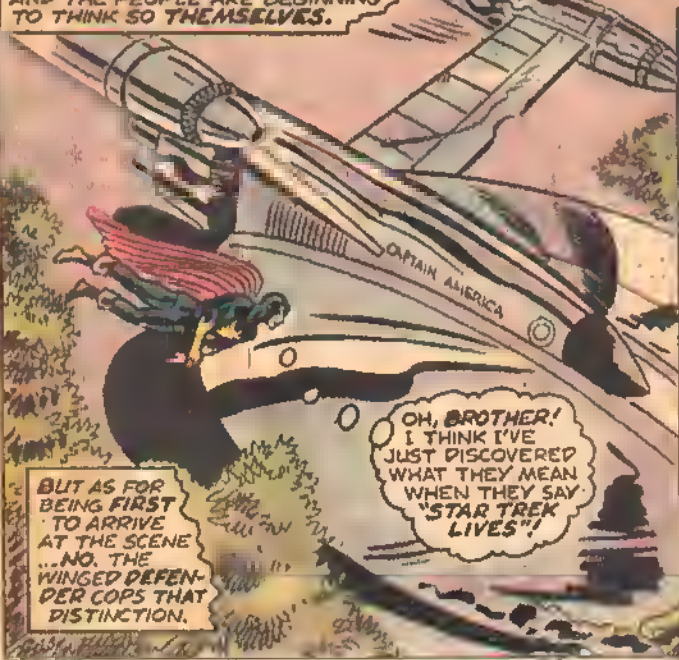
THE
SAUCER
CAME DOWN
IN THE
WOODS--
NOT FAR
FROM HERE.
I BET.



IF I TAKE MY
SHORT-CUT I BET I
CAN EVEN BEAT THE
SHERIFF AND BE THE
FIRST ONE THERE!

NO DOUBT
HE'LL ARRIVE LONG
BEFORE THE LOCAL
CONSTABULARY.

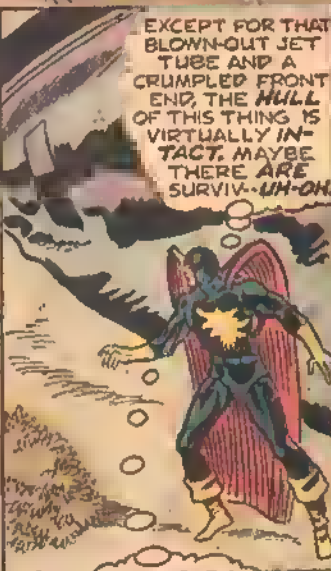
FOR THE SHERIFF IS CONVINCED THAT HIS CONSTITUENTS HAVE FALLEN VICTIM TO A MASS HALLUCINATION... AND THE PEOPLE ARE BEGINNING TO THINK SO THEMSELVES.



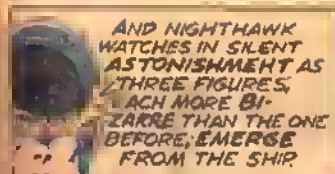
BUT AS FOR
BEING FIRST
TO ARRIVE
AT THE SCENE
...NO. THE
WINGED DEFEN-
DER COPS THAT
DISTINCTION.

OH, BROTHER!
I THINK I'VE
JUST DISCOVERED
WHAT THEY MEAN
WHEN THEY SAY
"STAR TREK
LIVES"!

EXCEPT FOR THAT
BLOWN-OUT JET
TUBE AND A
CRUMPLED FRONT
END, THE HULL
OF THIS THING IS
VIRTUALLY IN-
TACT. MAYBE
THERE ARE
SURVIV...UH-OH.

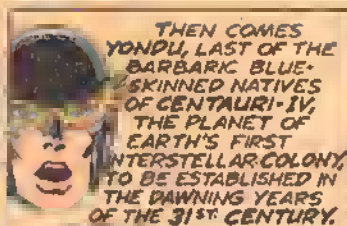
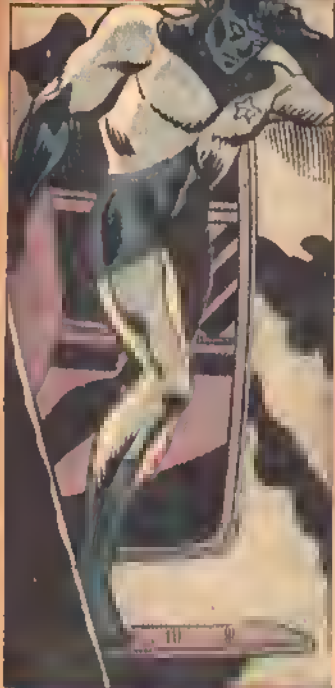


SOME SORT
OF PANEL
SLIDING OPEN.

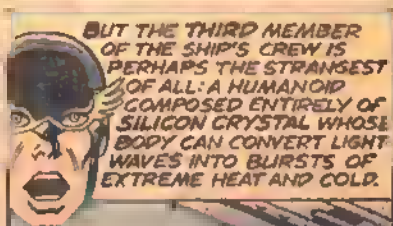


AND NIGHTHAWK WATCHES IN SILENT ASTONISHMENT AS THREE FIGURES, EACH MORE BIZARRE THAN THE ONE BEFORE, EMERGE FROM THE SHIP

FIRST, A MAN CLAD HEAD-TO-TOE IN A SHEATH OF SILVER AND BLACK ALLOY. MAJOR VANCE ASTRO OF THE U.S. AIR FORCE, WHO IN 1988 WILL BECOME THE FIRST EARTHMAN TO THE STARS, AND, AS A RESULT, THE LAST SURVIVOR OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

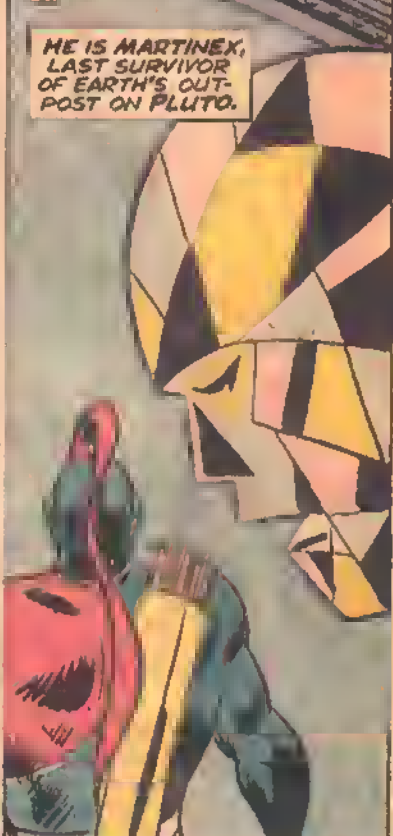


THEN COMES YONDRI, LAST OF THE BARBARIK BLUE-SKINNED NATIVES OF CENTAURI-IV, THE PLANET OF EARTH'S FIRST INTERSTELLAR COLONY, TO BE ESTABLISHED IN THE DAWNING YEARS OF THE 31ST CENTURY.



BUT THE THIRD MEMBER OF THE SHIP'S CREW IS PERHAPS THE STRANGEST OF ALL: A HUMANOID COMPOSED ENTIRELY OF SILICON CRYSTAL WHOSE BODY CAN CONVERT LIGHT WAVES INTO BURSTS OF EXTREME HEAT AND COLD.

HE IS MARTINEZ, LAST SURVIVOR OF EARTH'S OUT-POST ON PLUTO.



AND TOGETHER, THEY--AND THEIR FOURTH COMRADE, ABSENT AT THE MOMENT, ARE KNOWN AS... THE GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY!!



BUT, NO, THAT'S INCORRECT. THEY ARE NOT KNOWN AS ANYTHING YET... NOR WILL THEY BE UNTIL SOME THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

STILL, FOR THE PRESENT, OUR CONCERN MUST BE THE PRESENT, AND SPECIFICALLY...

FOR THEIR SHIP HAS COME NOT FROM SOME FAR STAR... BUT FROM EARTH'S DISTANT FUTURE.

**TIMES SQUARE,
MANHATTAN:**

EELAR RUNS AMOK,
TAPPING THE POWER
OF THE FLASHING
LIGHTS, ADDING IT
TO HIS OWN, UN-
LEASHING AN
OTHER UTTERLY
POINTLESS
ATTACK.

"FROM OUT OF THE
VOID WE SAIL ON
THE STARWINDS--
UNFALTERING,
UNDAUNTED,
UNCONQUERABLE--"

"--RANGERS
OF WORLDS,
PLUNDERERS
OF SUNS,
MASTERS OF
THE UNIVERSE!"

"WE SHALL
BUILD AN EM-
PIRE ON THE
BODIES OF THE
LESSER RACES WE
ANNIHILATE!"

FWASH

AND AT A HOSPITAL, ONLY
A FEW SHORT BLOCKS
AWAY, THE SCENE IS
EQUALLY CHAOTIC.

BLAM

**HALT,
I SAID!**

CHANG!

INCREDIBLE. I TOLD
THEM THE ENTIRE
STORY... THE OLD MAN
VERIFIED EVERY
DETAIL...

...AND THEY WANT
TO HOLD ME FOR
QUESTIONING BE-
CAUSE OF MY CLOTH-
ING. VANCE WAS
CORRECT.

**HOLY
CROW--
LOOK AT 'IM
JUMP!**

EARTHMEN OF THIS PERIOD TRULY WERE INSANE. LOGIC MEANS NOTHING TO THEM.



AND SINCE I DON'T CARE ABOUT ANY QUESTIONS...

...ESPECIALLY ABOUT MY ORIGINS... I'VE GOT TO FIND SOMEWHERE TO HIDE MYSELF UNTIL MARTINEX CAN TRANSPORT ME BACK ABOARD SHIP.



BUT WHERE--? THAT CROWD! THERE'S NO MORE IDEAL PLACE TO CONCEAL ONESELF--!



THUS, CHARLIE-27, LAST SURVIVOR OF EARTH'S 31ST CENTURY JUPITER COLONY AND THE GUARDIANS' MISSING FOURTH, RACES AWAY TOWARD...

...WHERE ELSE??



"DIE, TERRAN SWINE-- FALL AND BURN BEFORE THE MIGHT OF YOUR BETTERS IN THE GALAXY!"

"MARCHING, KILLING, ON WORLD, STAR AND MOON-- OURS IS THE FAR-FLUNG BROTHERHOOD OF--"

BUT EELAR'S RHYME IS LOST AMID THE DIN OF UNBRIDLED DESTRUCTION HE HAS LOOSED.



AND BEFORE HE CAN REPEAT THE WORD OR WORDS, IF HE WERE SO... INCLINED...



...HIS DIATRIBE IS UNEXPECTEDLY INTERRUPTED.

EELAR TALKS TOO MUCH! HULK DOESN'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE!



KRAK

EELAR BETTER NOT GET UP--OR HULK WILL BREAK EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY --IF HIS BODY HAS ANY BONES!

"PLANETS WILL CRUMBLE! NEBULAE WILL BLOW AWAY! WHITE DWARFS AND RED GIANTS, BLUE--"

SHUT UP!!

MY SENTIMENTS PRECISELY, HULK. I THINK IT'S TIME WE DID THE TALKING TO OUR VIOLENT FRIEND... WHILE HE'S DOWN.

EELAR, WE DEMAND--

"THE MOST BRILLIANT SUPERNOVA PALES BESIDE THE GLOW OF OUR GREATNESS!"

I WARN YOU, EELAR --STAY BACK, OR--

"AND OF ALL THE SCUM OF SPACE, WE LOATHE YOU MOST OF ALL!"

HUH?

"FOR YOU, TERRANS --YOU PRETEND TO NOBILITY!"

"YOUR POSTURING DISGUSTS US-- AND EMBARRASSES YOU!"

"WE SHALL OBLITERATE YOUR NOISOME RACE!"

BUT AS THE HORSE REARS BACK IN PAIN, VAL DRAWS HER SWORD AND STRIKES--

FOR ONE UNCOMPREHENDING MOMENT THE DEFENDERS CAN ONLY GAPE AT EELAR'S UTTERLY SENSELESS ATTACK UPON ARAGORN.

--ONLY TO BE DOWNED BY THE MAD CREATURE'S ELECTRICAL CHARGE, CONDUCTED ALONG HER OWN BLADE.

SHE DROPS --STUNNED-- GASPING-- TO THE GRITTY ASPHALT.



NOW EELAR
HURTS GIRL!
GIRL IS HULK'S
FRIEND TOO!

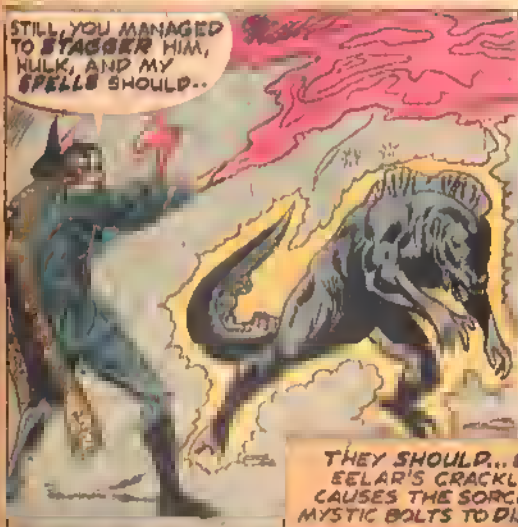
CHUD

HULK
HATES
EE--OW!



HULK'S HAND--BURHS--LIKE
HULK HIT FIRE, NOT FISH!

HIS ELECTRICAL
CHARGE IS EVEN
MORE POWERFUL
THAN WE
SUPPOSED.

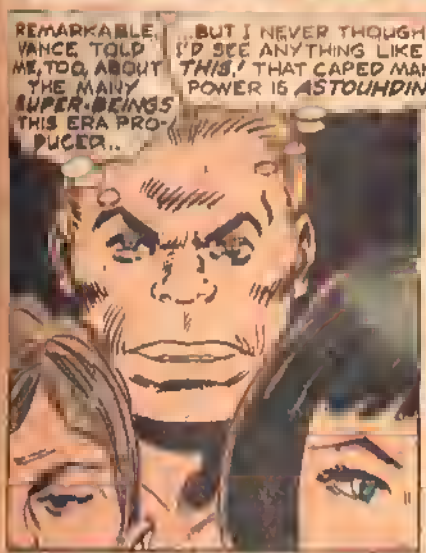


STILL, YOU MANAGED
TO STAGGER HIM,
HULK, AND MY
SPELLS SHOULD..



"YOU ARE
COSMIC
FLOTSAM--
THE REFUSE
OF THE
UNIVERSE!"

THEY SHOULD... BUT THEY DO NOT.
EELAR'S CRACKLING ENERGY FIELD
CAUSES THE SORCERER SUPREME'S
MYSTIC BOLTS TO DISSIPATE ON CONTACT.



REMARKABLE.
VANCE TOLD
ME, TOO, ABOUT
THE MANY
SUPER-BEINGS
THIS ERA PRO-
DUCED..

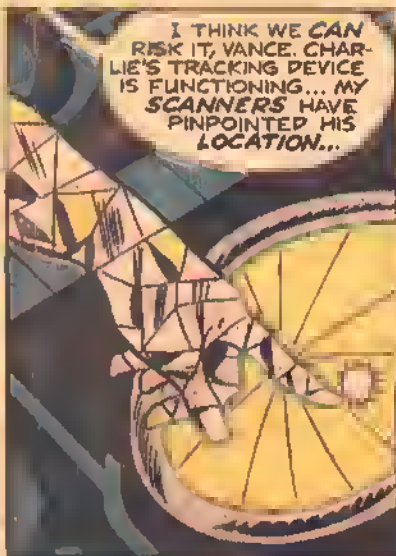
BUT I NEVER THOUGHT
I'D SEE ANYTHING LIKE
THIS! THAT CAPED MAN'S
POWER IS ASTOUNDING!



AND YET, FOR ALL THEIR MIGHT,
THEY'RE LOSING THIS STRUGGLE.

I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYTHING
QUITE LIKE THEIR
FDE, EITHER. BUT
THERE'S SOMETHING
ODDLY FAMILIAR
ABOUT HIS TELE-
PATHIC "SPEECHES."

I'M TEMPTED
TO JUMP INTO
THE FRAY...
TRY TO HELP...
BUT THAT WOULD
ONLY LEAD TO
MORE QUESTIONS.
I CAN'T RISK
IT...!



I THINK WE CAN RISK IT, VANCE. CHARLIE'S TRACKING DEVICE IS FUNCTIONING... MY SCANNERS HAVE PINPOINTED HIS LOCATION...

...AND THE RADIO-TELEPORT SYSTEM IS FULLY OPERATIVE ON THE "SEND" CIRCUIT.

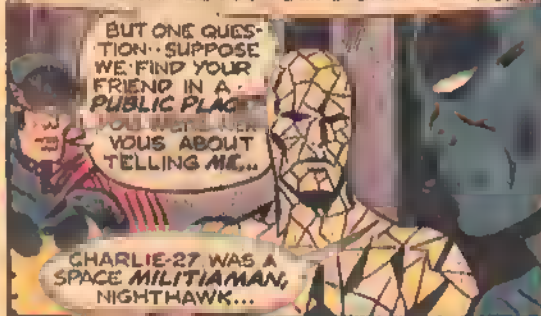
NO QUESTION, I CAN TELEPORT YOU AND YONDU TO CHARLIE WHENEVER YOU WISH.

BUT YOU CAN'T PORT US BACK--AND OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE DEAD.

HOW DO WE GET BACK HERE ONCE WE'RE CERTAIN HE'S SAFE?

I THINK THE LINE GOES: "I'M NIGHTEHAWK --FLY ME."

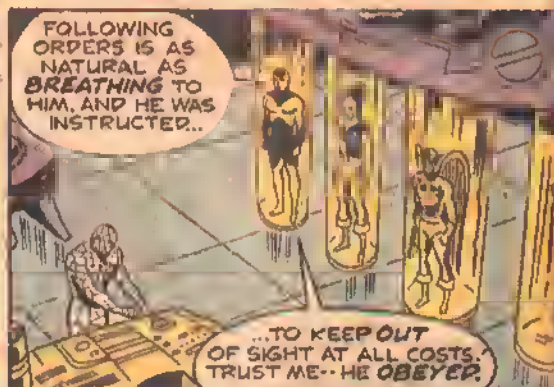
I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND--BUT I BELIEVE YOUR STORY ABOUT COMING FROM EARTH'S FUTURE. SO I CAN BE YOUR GUIDE BACK TO THE SHIP.



BUT ONE QUESTION--SUPPOSE WE FIND YOUR FRIEND IN A PUBLIC PLACE--

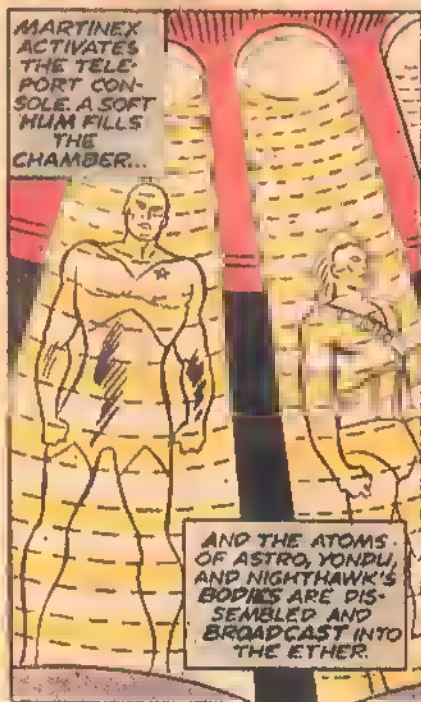
WOULD YOU TELL ME...

CHARLIE-27 WAS A SPACE MILITIAMAN, NIGHTEHAWK...



FOLLOWING ORDERS IS AS NATURAL AS BREATHING TO HIM, AND HE WAS INSTRUCTED...

...TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT AT ALL COSTS. TRUST ME--HE OBEYED.



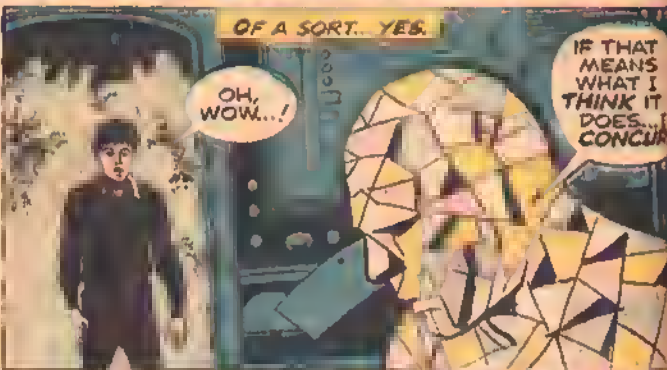
MARTINEZ ACTIVATES THE TELEPORT CONSOLE. A SOFT HUM FILLS THE CHAMBER...

AND THE ATOMS OF ASTRO, YONDU, AND NIGHTEHAWK'S BODIES ARE DISSEMBLED AND BROADCAST INTO THE ETHER.

HIS COMRADES AND HIS NEWFOUND ALLY GONE, THE PLUVIAN SCIENTIST TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO THE REPAIRS WHICH MUST BE MADE. BUT BARELY HAS HE PRIED OPEN THE CONSOLE'S "RETRIEVE" CIRCUIT, WHEN...



FOOTSTEPS ON THE METAL FLOORING--AN INTRUDER!



OF A SORT... YES.

OH, WOW...!

IF THAT MEANS WHAT I THINK IT DOES... CONCUR.

BUT IF MARTINEZ IS STARTLED
BY THE SIGHT OF THE YOUNG MAN,
IMAGINE HIS FELLOW GUARDIAN'S
--AND NIGHTHAWK'S--
ASTONISHMENT...

...UPON THEIR
ARRIVAL...

...AT THE "SECLUDED"
SPOT WHERE CHARLIE
HAS CHOSEN TO
HIDE HIMSELF!

BY THE
THREE
SUNS!
MAJOR,
WHAT--?

TIMES
SQUARE--
IN THE
MIDST OF
SOME KIND
OF RIOT!

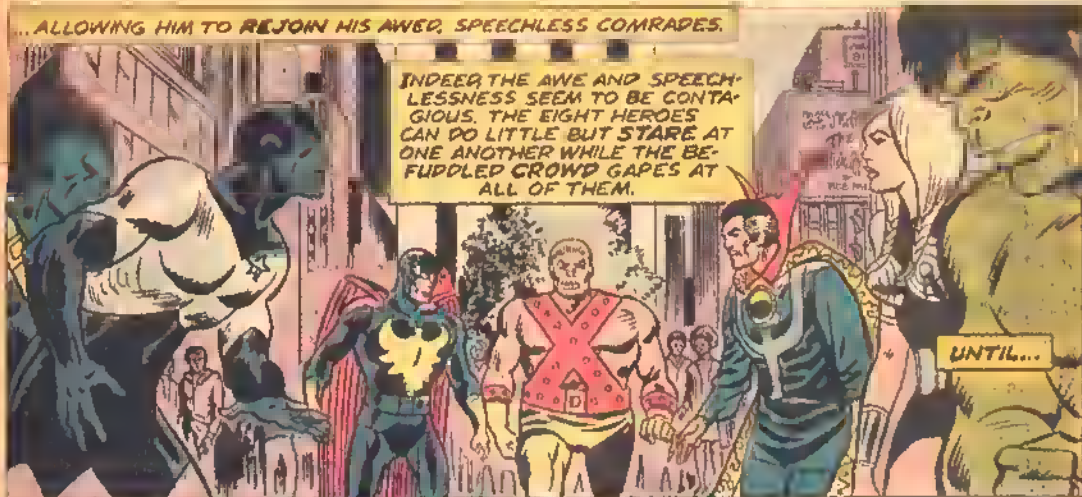
A TELEPORT
MALFUNC-
TION--IT'S
GOT TO BE--!

HUMPH!
DOC!
YAL!
HULK!

VANCE!
YONDU!!
HERE--I'M
OVER HERE!!

NEW YORK'S CROWDS AREN'T NOTED FOR
THEIR POLITENESS... BUT AT THE SOUND OF
THE JOVIAN'S BOOMING VOICE, THE THRONES
STEPS RESPECTFULLY ASIDE, CLEARING A PATH.

...ALLOWING HIM TO REJOIN HIS AWED, SPEECHLESS COMRADES.



INDEED THE AWE AND SPEECHLESSNESS SEEM TO BE CONTAGIOUS. THE EIGHT HEROES CAN DO LITTLE BUT STARE AT ONE ANOTHER WHILE THE BE-FUDDLED CROWD GAPES AT ALL OF THEM.

UNTIL...

EELAR, ALL BUT FORGOTTEN IN THE CONFUSION, PROPELS HIMSELF ALOFT ONCE MORE.

"PARAMECIA--
GALACTIC
BACTERIA--"



"--THAT IS
WHAT YOU
ARE!"

"AND NOW THAT WE HAVE
CONQUERED YOU, YOU SHALL
BE OUR SLAVES!"

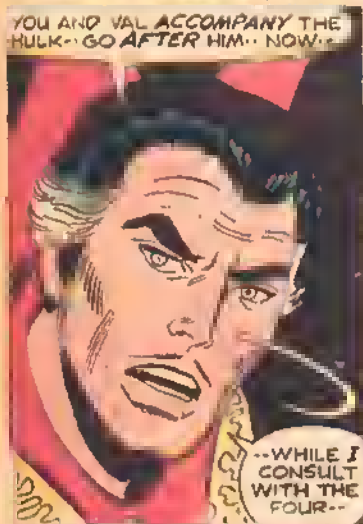
EELAR IS
GETTING
AWAY!
HULK WILL
FOLLOW!

DOC--WHAT
IS GOING ON
HERE? WHEN
DID THAT--
WHATEVER IT
IS--CONQUER
US?

NO ONE HAS
BEEN CON-
QUERED KYLE
--BUT EELAR
MUST BE
STOPPED.



YOU AND VAL ACCOMPANY THE
HULK--GO AFTER HIM--NOW--



--WHILE I
CONSULT
WITH THE
FOUR--

--STRANGERS.

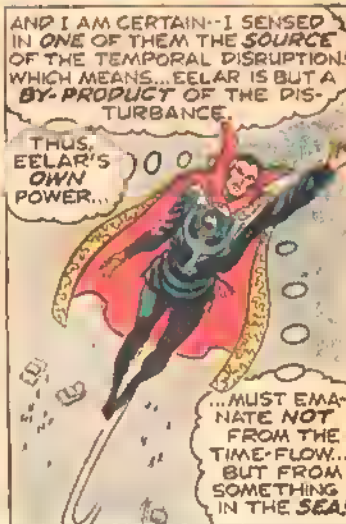
GONE!



AND I AM CERTAIN--I SENSED
IN ONE OF THEM THE SOURCE
OF THE TEMPORAL DISRUPTION!
WHICH MEANS...EELAR IS BUT A
BY-PRODUCT OF THE DIS-
TURBANCE.

THUS,
EELAR'S
OWN
POWER...

...MUST EMA-
NATE NOT
FROM THE
TIME-FLOW...
BUT FROM
SOMETHING
IN THE SEA!



WHILE BLOCKS AWAY IN THE ALLEY WHERE THIS WHOLE FURSHLUSSNER GIANT-SIZE MESS BEGAN...

CHARLIE, ARE YOU SURE THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE YOU LANDED? MARTINEZ IS GOING TO HAVE TO RUN A CHECK ON HIS SENSOR BANKS.



UNLESS... THE OLD MAN'S SUIT-CASE...



SUPPOSE I OPEN IT PSYCHO-KINETICALLY... JUST OUT OF CURIOSITY...

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW--? SOMEBODY PAWNED WHAT WE CROSSED TEN CENTURIES TO FIND!



LET'S JUST HOPE IT CONTAINS THE INFORMATION WE'RE AFTER. WITH ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, I FIGURE WE DESERVE AT LEAST A CHANCE AT SAVING OUR EARTH.



WE'LL KNOW IN A MOMENT, VANCE. I'VE SWITCHED IT ON BUT...

...NOTHING! IT'S A GENUINE BADOON MENTO-PROGRAMMER-- BUT IT'S TAPES ARE EMPTY! BLANK!

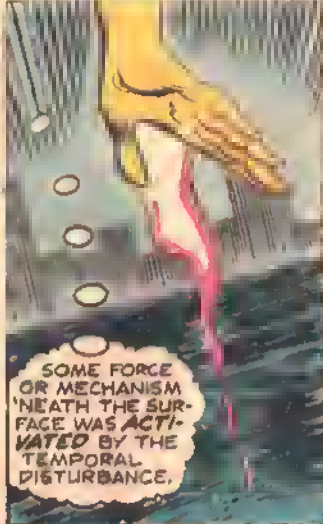


WE'VE COME ALL THIS WAY--FOR NOTHING!

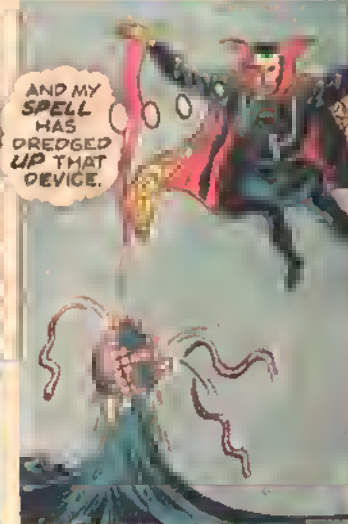
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH. IN OUR HASTE TO PURSUE EELAR WE FAILED TO NOTICE-- THIS AREA OF THE HARBOR IS STILL AGLOW.



THEN EELAR IS A DIRECT PRODUCT OF THIS PHENOMENON-- WHICH ITSELF IS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE TIME DISPLACEMENT.



SOME FORCE OR MECHANISM NEATH THE SURFACE WAS ACTIVATED BY THE TEMPORAL DISTURBANCE.



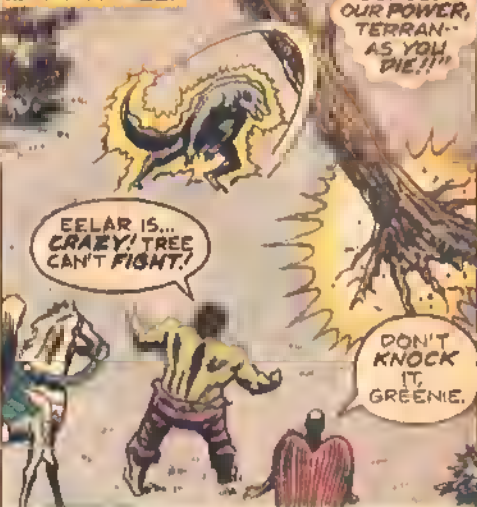
AND MY SPELL HAS DREDGED UP THAT DEVICE.

ALL OF WHICH OFFERS LITTLE RELIEF FROM PUZZLEMENT FOR THE HULK, VALKYRIE, AND NIGHTHAWK, WHO CONVERGE UPON EELAR IN CENTRAL PARK...



...TO FIND THE BESTIAL BERSERKER ENGAGED IN COMBAT...

...WITH A TREE.



"BEHOLD OUR POWER, TERRAN... AS YOU DIE!!"

EELAR IS... CRAZY! TREE CAN'T FIGHT!

DON'T KNOCK IT, GREENIE.



BETTER HE POUNDS ON THAT TREE THAN ON ONE OF US. BUT,

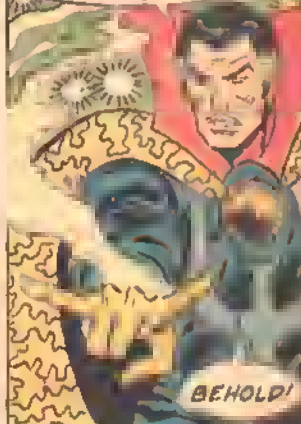
I BELIEVE I CAN FINALLY ANSWER THAT ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION, NIGHTHAWK--AND THIS ODD HELMET IS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY.



YOU SEE, EELAR WAS CREATED BY THIS DEVICE.

DUMB HAT MADE EELAR? MAGICIAN IS CRAZY TOO!

NEARLY EXHAUSTED, PERHAPS, EMERALD ONE--BUT NOT DEMENTED YET.



BEHOLD!

AS HE SPEAKS, DR. STRANGE LOOSES A MYSTIC MENTAL PROBE, WHICH, BEING OF A NEUTRAL NATURE, SLIPS PAST EELAR'S ELECTRICAL FIELD...



...INTO THE SEASPAWN'S BRAIN. THERE, THE ENERGY SWIMS ABOUT HIS CONSCIOUSNESS, SEEKING TO DISCERN THE CREATURE'S PATTERN OF THOUGHT AND ACTION.



AND WHAT THE PROBE REVEALS IS... EELAR HAS NONE. NO PATTERNS. NOT EVEN ANY REAL THOUGHTS. THE PROBE EMERGES UNCHANGED FROM EELAR'S HEAD.



THE CREATURE IS UTTERLY MINDLESS...ACTING WITHOUT REASON...ATTACKING ANY CONVENIENT TARGET, BECAUSE IT IS PROGRAMMED TO DO SO.

PROGRAMMED BY THAT HELMET, NO DOUBT.

INDEED.

AND YOU THREE ARE, APPARENTLY, RESPONSIBLE FOR ACTIVATING THE DEVICE.

THEY MADE EELAR? THEN THEY ARE HULK'S ENEMIES?

I DO NOT THINK SO, HULK. MY SURMISE IS... THEY ARE TIME TRAVELERS... FROM EARTH'S FUTURE.

AND THEIR APPEARANCE IN OUR ERA SET IN MOTION THE TEMPORAL FORCES WHICH ACTIVATED THE HELMET.

BUT THE HELMET IS ONLY A PLAY-BACK DEVICE FOR RECORDINGS. HOW--?

IT WAS ALSO THE HOME FOR A NEST OF ELECTRIC EELS, AND THE UNIQUE RADIATION WHICH POWERS IT MUTATED ONE OF THOSE EELS...AND PROGRAMMED THE NON-INTELLIGENT BEAST WITH THE INFORMATION CONTENT OF THE RECORDING.

BADDOON WAR PROPAGANDA --ANCIENT STUFF --PRE-EMPIRE-- I KNEW I'D HEARD IT BEFORE!

THEN IT ALL FITS--HE CAN'T THINK, BUT HE'S BEEN TAUGHT TO BE THE ULTIMATE 'GOOD SOLDIER':

VICTORY AT ANY PRICE-- EVEN IF THERE'S NO WAR, HE'S BEEN FIGHTING ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING... AT RANDOM!

PRECISELY. YOU FUTURE MEN STILL HAVE MANY QUESTIONS TO ANSWER...

BUT THOSE WILL WAIT. FOR NOW I SUGGEST WE UNITE TO REMOVE THIS MENACE? AGREED?

THE GUARDIANS NOD. AND THE SEVEN HEROES ALL POINT FURTHER AT VENTURE BACK TO EELAR--



...JUST IN TIME,
FOR, HAVING
DEFEATED THE
TREE, HE CASTS
ABOUT FOR AN-
OTHER POTEN-
TIAL THREAT
TO THE BAROON
BROTHER-
HOOD...



...AND SETTLES ON NIGHTHAWK.

"TERRAN FILTH!
SLIME OF THE
GALAXY! STAR
DROPPINGS!
DIE!!"

BUT BEFORE THE
MUTATED EEL'S
HIGHLY-CHARGED
FINGERS CAN
CLOSE ABOUT
NIGHTHAWK'S
FORM...



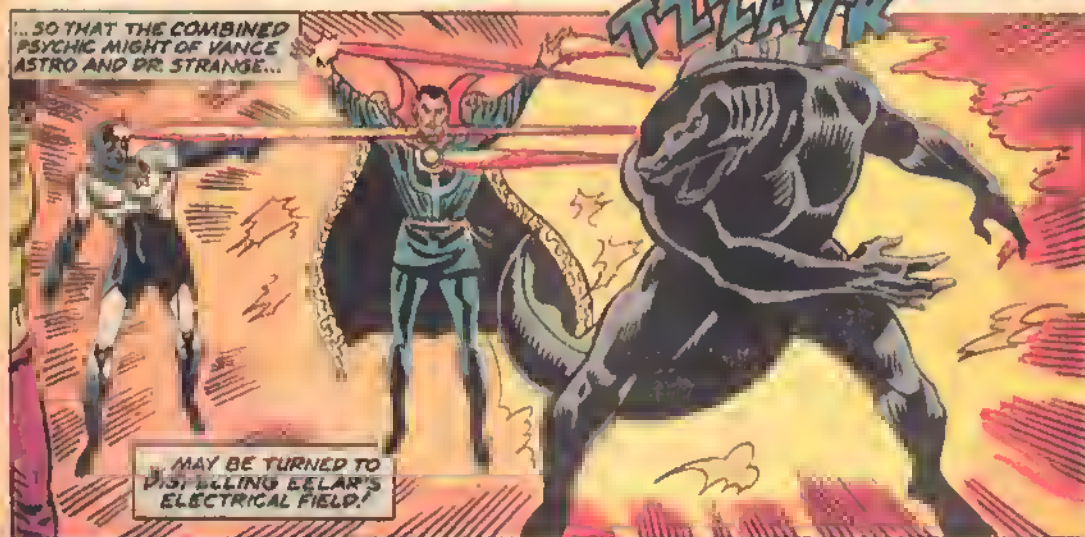
...WEAPONRY MASTER YONDU FIRES
HIS MYSTERIOUS YAKA-ARROW...
AND BREAKS INTO A WHISTLE!



AND, IN RESPONSE
THE ARROW TURNS
IN MID-FLIGHT,
CIRCLES
THE
CONFUSED
EELAR...



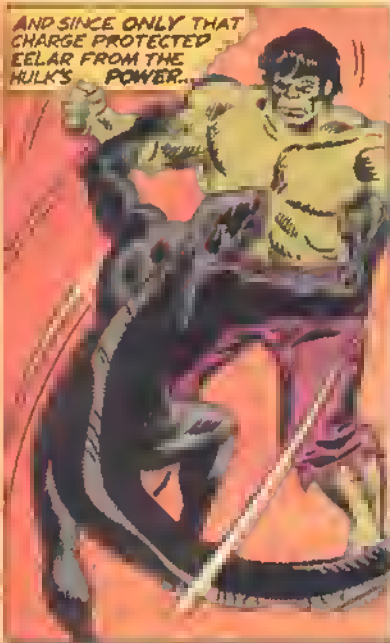
...DRAWING HIS LIMITED
ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE
DEFENDERS AND GUARDIANS...



...SO THAT THE COMBINED
PSYCHIC MIGHT OF VANCE
ASTRO AND DR. STRANGE...

TZZATK

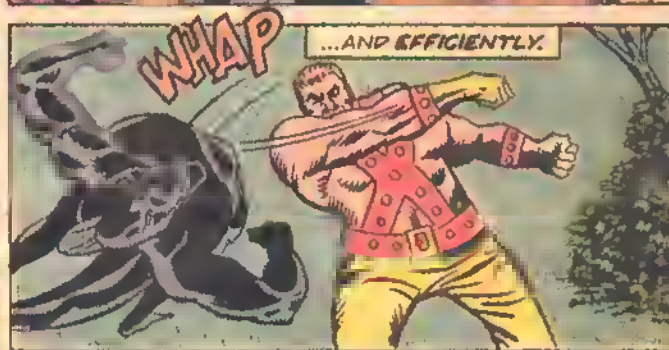
MAY BE TURNED TO
DISPELLING EELAR'S
ELECTRICAL FIELD!



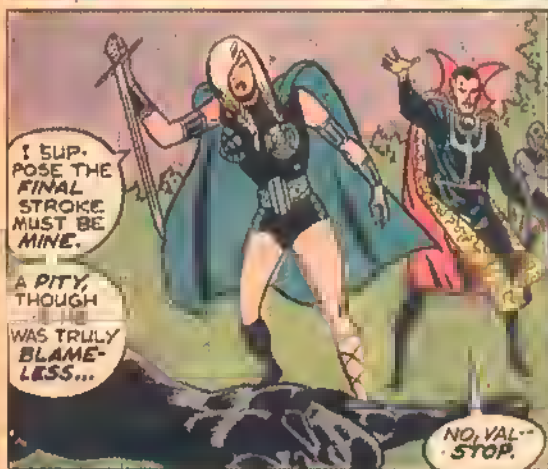
AND SINCE ONLY THAT
CHARGE PROTECTED
EELAR FROM THE
HULK'S POWER...



...WHAT REMAINS OF THE MATTER
IS DEALT WITH UTALLY...



...AND EFFICIENTLY.

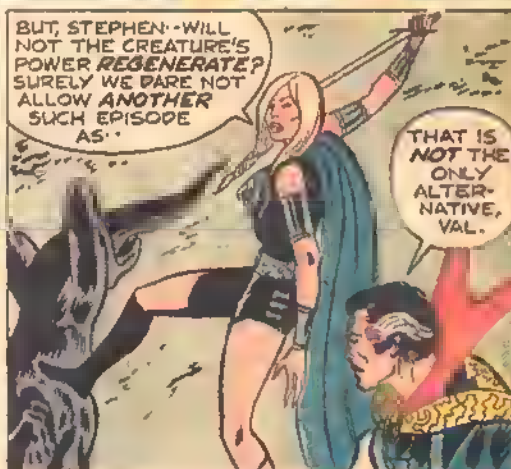


I SUP-
POSE THE
FINAL
STROKE
MUST BE
MINE.

A PITY,
THOUGH

WAS TRULY
BLAME-
LESS...

NO, VAL--
STOP.



BUT, STEPHEN--WILL
NOT THE CREATURE'S
POWER REGENERATE?
SURELY WE DARE NOT
ALLOW ANOTHER
SUCH EPISODE
AS...

THAT IS
NOT THE
ONLY
ALTER-
NATIVE,
VAL.

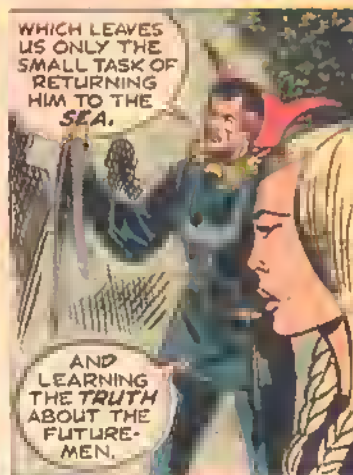


VALKYRIE STEPS ASIDE...THE SOR-
CERER SUPREME CONCENTRATES,
CONJURES, INVOKES THE NAMES
OF THE ETERNAL VISHANTI...



...AND EELAR IS SUDDENLY,
IRREVOCABLY TRANSFORMED.

IT IS DONE.
EELAR HAS
REVERTED TO
HIS ORIGINAL
STATE.



WHICH LEAVES
US ONLY THE
SMALL TASK OF
RETURNING
HIM TO THE
SEA.

AND
LEARNING
THE TRUTH
ABOUT THE
FUTURE-
MEN.

AND AT THE MYSTIC'S GREENWICH VILLAGE SANCTUM, AFTER THE FIRST HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED...!

...SO THE EARTH WAS--OR WILL BE--CONQUERED IN 3007 A.D. BY THE RACE CALLED THE BA-DOON.

WE'VE MANAGED TO RECAPTURE NEW YORK, THOUGH.

--AND EXAMINING THEIR HISTORICAL RECORDS, WE LEARNED THAT THEY HAD ATTEMPTED TO SEIZE THE EARTH ONCE BEFORE--UNSUCCESSFULLY.

BUT THE RECORDS WERE INCOMPLETE--PARTS WERE APPARENTLY LOST WHEN THE BA-DOON FLED. OUR MISSION TO THE PAST WAS TO FIND THOSE LOST RECORDS.

MARVEL 2-IN-1 #5.
SILVER
SURFER #2--LEN.

AND WE FAILED. WE MAY NEVER KNOW HOW HUMANITY WAS SAVED THE FIRST TIME, UNLESS...YOU CAN TELL US.

I CANNOT. SO FAR AS I REMEMBER...SUCH AN INVASION NEVER TOOK PLACE.

DOC--THE EARTH HE'S DESCRIBED--I DON'T WANT THAT FOR HUMANITY! ISN'T THERE SOMETHING WE CAN DO?

HULK KNOWS WHAT TO DO--SMASH STUPID BADOONS! TAKE HULK TO THEM, AND HULK WILL--

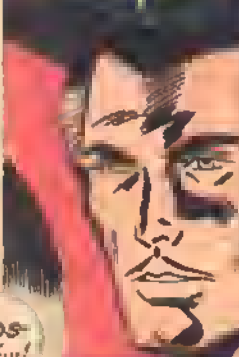
PERHAPS... AND PERHAPS NOT, BUT OUR FIRST CONCERN MUST BE RETURNING YOU TO YOUR OWN TIME--AT ONCE.



*IN FACT, NO ONE BUT THE SURFER AND THE BADOON EVEN KNEW ABOUT IT--L.W.



I'M AFRAID THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE, HULK...



BUT WERE AS ALL THAT MAY SOUND, CONSIDER THIS:

BUT YOUR PLANET--WHAT'S IT LIKE? HOW FAR IS IT? WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



I'VE TOLD YOU I CAN'T ANSWER THOSE QUESTIONS.

NOW, PLEASE, YOUNG MAN--YOU MUST GO. THE REPAIRWORK--



Y'KNOW, I'M GONNA BE AN ASTRONAUT SOMEDAY. MY NAME EVEN SOUNDS LIKE "ASTRONAUT."



IT'S ASTROVIK. BUT I'M GONNA CHANGE IT WHEN I GROW UP... JUST MAKE IT "ASTRO"...

"VANCE ASTRO!"

END